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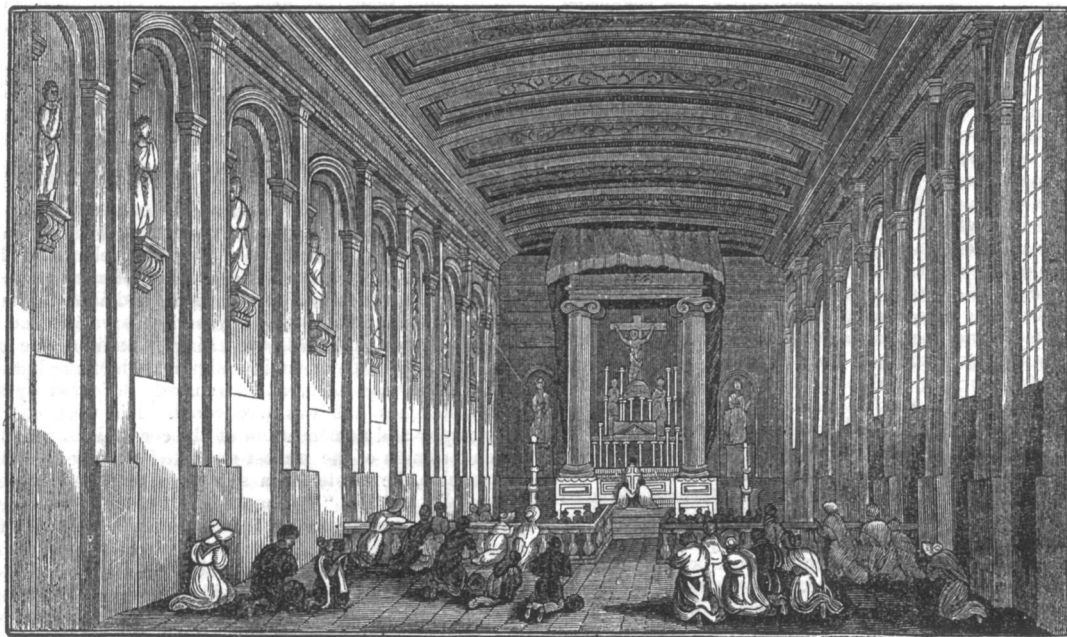
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 18. Vol. I.

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OCTOBER 27, 1832.



Interior of the Carmelite Church, Dublin.

THE CARMELITE CHURCH, DUBLIN.

The first stone of this beautiful edifice was laid on the 25th of October 1825, by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, R. C. Archbishop of Dublin. It was raised by the exertions, and under the superintendence of the Prior of the Order, the Very Rev. John Spratt, and solemnly consecrated by the above mentioned Archbishop, on the 11th of November 1827. George Papworth, Esq. was the architect.

The arena is 200 feet in length, by 34 in breadth; the exterior exhibits a grand front, overlooking York Row, as well as the front of entrance, which is presented to Whitefriar Street. That part of the edifice which faces York Row consists of 16 circular headed windows, placed at intervals of five feet, having ornamental architraves, embracing the heads of each; above those windows is a sunken tablet, bearing the following inscription, "Gloriosæ matri et decori Carmeli dedicata." The summit is finished by a plain cornice, carried over the entrance front. The entrance is by a flight of steps, retreating into a lofty hall. The building is of common quarry stone, covered with Roman cement.

The interior presents a very beautiful architectural view, of which the accompanying wood-cut will give a just idea. The right side of the church, from which the light is emitted, is pierced by windows, and the left is ornamented by corresponding niches, filled with statues of eminent Saints. The ceiling is coved, and divided into rectangular compartments. The interior is not yet finished; but when completed, it will be a remarkable demonstration of how much may be accomplished at a moderate expense, when taste and judgment direct the means. The entire structure will cost about £3,500.

The Carmelite Church stands on the site of the ancient monastery of the same religious order, erected in the year 1278.

REMARKABLE STORY OF A SEAL.

About forty years ago, a young seal was taken in Clew bay, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the family. Its habits were innocent and gentle, it came at its master's call, and, as the old man described, was as fond as a dog, and as playful as a kitten. Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for its own wants, frequently brought home a salmon or a turbot to his master. His delight was in summer to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, to creep into the large oven which at that time formed a regular appendage to an Irish kitchen.

For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when a disease called in the country *the Crappawn*, a paralytic affection which attacks the limbs of cattle, attacked some cattle belonging to its master. Some died, others became infected, and the customary cure failing, a wise woman was consulted, who assured the credulous owner that the mortality amongst the cows was occasioned by his retaining that unclean beast, the seal, in his habitation. It must be made away with immediately, or the Crappawn would continue!! The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal, and the seal, put on board a boat, was carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep. The boat returned, the family retired to rest, and the next morning the servant awoke his master, to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven! The poor animal had by night come back to his beloved home, and crept in through the window.

Next day another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now finally be removed. A Galway fishing boat, was leaving Westport, on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone some leagues off the isle of Bof-

fin. It was done—a day and night passed—the second evening closed—the servant was raking out the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it must be the house dog—she opened it, and in came the seal, wearied with his long and unusual voyage. He testified by a peculiar cry his delight to find himself AT HOME, and stretching himself by the glowing embers of the hearth, fell fast asleep. The master of the house was immediately apprised of the unexpected return, and in the exigency the beldame was awakened and consulted. She averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and then again committed to the waves. To this proposal the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, and next morning, writhing in agony, taken to the outside of Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the sea.

A week passed over, and things instead of better became worse. The cattle of the cruel wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that the visitation on his cattle exceeded her skill and care. On the eighth night of the seal's being committed to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise was heard at the door—the servant concluded it was the Banshee that had come to forewarn of approaching death, and they hid their heads in bed. When the morning broke, the door was opened, and the seal was found lying dead on the threshold.

The once plump animal was a mere skeleton. The poor beast had perished of hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to pursue its customary food. It was buried in a sandhill; and from that moment misfortune followed the perpetrator of the cruel deed. The old hag was hanged for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her own daughter—while every thing about the man's house melted, as it were, away. His sheep rotted—his cattle died—his corn was blighted—and none of his children came to maturity. He survived every thing he loved or cared for, and died not only miserable BUT BLIND.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

WISE SAYINGS—FROM THE IRISH.

The following passages have been translated from the *Book of Balimore*, fo. 75. The translations are given, as the original is too obsolete for the present purpose, and the necessary explanations to render it intelligible would require too much room. The first paragraph is from the "Advice of Cormac Ulfada, (the long bearded,) to his son," Carbré, Anno 254 —

"No fellowship with a king—no falling out with a madman—no dealing with a revengeful man—no competition with the powerful—no wrong to be done to seven classes of persons, excited to anger, viz:—a bard, a commander, a woman, a prisoner, a drunken person, a druid, a king in his own dominions.—No stopping the force of a going wheel by strength of hand—no forcing the sea—no entering a battle with broken hands—no heightening the grief of a sorrowful man—no merriment in the seat of justice—no grief at feasts—no oblivion in ordinances or laws—no contention with a righteous person—no mocking of a wise man—no staying in dangerous roads—no prosperity shall follow malice—no coveting of skirmishes—a lion is not a safe companion to all persons—three deaths that ought not to be bemoaned: the death of a fat hog, the death of a thief, and the death of a proud prince—three things that advance the subject: to be tender to a good wife, to serve a good prince, and to be obedient to a good governor."

"The son of Fithil the wise, asked him what was the best thing to maintain a family or a house?—Fithil answered, 'a good anvil.'—'What anvil?' says the son.—'a good wife,' says Fithil.—'How shall I know her?' says the son.—'by her countenance and virtue,' says Fithil, 'for, the small short is not to be coveted though she be fair-haired, nor the thick short, nor the long white, nor the swarthy yellow, nor the lean black, nor the fair scold or talkative woman, nor the small fruitful who is fond and jealous, nor the fair complexioned, who is ambitious to see and be seen.'—'What woman shall I take?'—'I know not,' says

Fithil, though the large flaxen-haired, and the white black-haired, are the best; but I know no sort fit for a man to trust to, if he wishes to live in peace.'—'What shall I do with them then?' says the son.—Fithil answered, 'you shall let them all alone, or take them for good or evil, as they may turn out, for until they are consumed to ashes, they shall not be free from imperfections.'—'Who is the worst of women?'—'Becarn.'—'What is worse than her?'—'The man that married her, and brought her home to his house to have children by her.'—'What can be worse than that man?'—'Their child, for it is utterly impossible that he can ever be free from villany and malice.'

"Wisdom is what makes a poor man a king—a weak person powerful—a good generation of a bad one—a foolish man reasonable—though wisdom be good in the beginning, it is better at the end."—*Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.*

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FANATICISM.

The structure of the brain, and the investigation of the phenomena connected with MATTER and MIND, have long employed the researches of the most celebrated philosophers. A Mr. HERMAN GOLTZ passed many years in anatomical investigations of the brain, and in endeavouring to trace the connection between its marvellous and its important uses. At last, despairing of attaining the end of his long and wearisome investigations, he hung himself in his dissecting room, and was nearly devoured by the rats before his loss was discovered. His work on the topography and nomenclature of the cerebral mass is still extant, though of the utmost rarity. Before he committed suicide, he wrote on a slip of paper, the following remarkable words: "For more than twenty years I have pursued a phantom, an *ignis fatuus*, that has decoyed me into misery and ruin. My vision has become so dim that I can no longer distinguish the objects of my research—my hand is too tremulous to hold the scalpel. Confined in this charnel house, I have been estranged from nature's fair and inviting prospects—I have cultivated no man's friendship, nor sought for the affection of women. I have, indeed, read of the charms of society, the exhilarations of wine, the delights of a domestic partner, and the blessedness of children; but I have been a solitary student: water has been my only beverage: no female can reproach me with attachment, nor can a child curse me for its existence. To live longer is useless—the past has been misemployed, the present is wearisome, and I will anticipate the future!"—*The Doctor.*

ON SUBTERRANEAN AND OMINOUS SOUNDS.

Sir John Herschell has lately considered this subject, and conjectures that the noises of Nacoo in Arabia, may be owing to the subterranean production of steam, by the generation and condensation of which, under certain circumstances, sounds are well known to be produced. He also remarks, that wherever extensive subterranean caverns exist, communicating with each other, or with the atmosphere, by means of small orifices, considerable differences of temperature may occasion currents of air to pass through these apertures, with sufficient velocity for producing sonorous vibrations. The sounds described by Humboldt, as heard at sunrise by those who sleep on certain granitic rocks, on the banks of the Orinoco, may be explained on this principle. The sounds produced at sunrise by the statue of Memnon, and the twang, like the breaking of a string, heard by the French naturalists to proceed from a granite mountain at Carnac, are viewed by him as referable to a different cause, viz.: To pyrometric expansions and contractions of the heterogeneous material, of which the statue and mountain consist. Similar sounds, and from the same cause, are emitted, when heat is applied to any connected mass of machinery; and the snapping often heard in the bars of a grate, affords a familiar example of this phenomenon. The following amusing account of an ominous sound is given by Gairdner, in his book on the "Music of Nature." "In one of the baronial castles of the North, which has been uninhabited for years, there were heard at times such extraordinary noises as to confirm the opinion among the country people that the place was haunted. An old